

Cohen, a Toronto drama critic whose success depends upon pondering to a basic Ontario prejudice, the tendency to criticize too much without ever questioning the standards for evaluation, a prejudice understandable in a society which has gobbled up culture greedily without ever producing any of its own. But during the 1960s young Canadians in particular began to demand that Canada become a self-sufficient country in its own right, especially in cultural affairs. They began to see Canada, contrary to the view long expressed by the social establishment, as a colony, as an emergent nation.

The emergence of Quebec obviously contributed to this sensibility in English Canadians, but a more important reason for the renaissance was Canada's diminished role in international affairs. Because of accidents of geography and history, and the talents of her diplomats, English Canada had usually reinforced her weak internal culture with the relatively strong image of her role abroad. But during the 1960s there appeared certain contradictions between thought and action. If Canada really believed in a Commonwealth with true equality between white and black nations, for instance, why had she lent support through silence to Britain's policy in Rhodesia? Here was a clear example of Canada's sin of negligence: the basis for her foreign policy had not been initiative, even when she had the opportunity, but accommodation. In the United Nations, other signs of stress began to be felt. While committed in word to a policy of non-alignment, which made her popular in the Third World, in deed she never dared to confront the United States on crucial issues like the Middle East, Vietnam or even Peking.

VANISHING UNREALITIES

Of all issues, however, Canadian public opinion became focused most sharply on NATO. What Canadians seemed no longer willing to accept was the kind of inequality with which Lester Pearson reflected on the treaty in his *Rethink Lectures*:

In NATO I saw more than a military alliance. Along with others, I hoped it might develop into a genuine Atlantic community, organized on a supra-national basis. That is why I was happy when Article 2, which is sometimes called the Canadian article, was put into the treaty to provide for co-operation on other than military matters.

History has shown that it is doubtful that France, West Germany, Britain or the United States regarded NATO as anything other than a military alliance. Perhaps Canada was misled into such great confidence in NATO by having invented the concept of "the north-Atlantic triangle" in the first place. But how do we account for Canada's silence in view of NATO's failures? With the knowledge of the United States, but not of the other partners, a NATO defence plan helped to set up a military government in Greece. Whatever the merits of this regime, it was no longer possible for Canadians to regard NATO as a cultural *entente*. Like Canada's other defence entanglements, NATO may be part of the price she must pay for enjoying the benefits of the American market. At the same time, her image in the Third World has become considerably tarnished, and opposition has developed everywhere to the stated goals of her foreign policy.

The discovery, or rather rediscovery, that Canada was a relatively weak power in international affairs coincided with the collapse of certain internal myths, which, for such a young country, had brought about a disproportionate amount of intellectual paralysis. For these myths had stated a number of fundamental truths which one could find in works of history, literature, and political science. One myth asserted that Canada had grown from colony to nation, when in fact she had merely substituted for British, constitutional, colonial status, American economic, colonial status. Another myth stated that Canada was a country with no social classes. Yet this classless

image, produced and consumed by the middle income group, overlooked an inflexible system of stratification: only in 1961 was the first treaty Indian appointed to the Senate, the first Ukrainian to the cabinet, and the first Italian-Canadian as a parliamentary secretary.

A third myth, most damaging of all, concerned race. One of Canada's recurring arguments for cultural superiority over the United States was that she had avoided a racial conflict. But this was the result of a long series of injustices: until 1962, Canada had admitted practically no Africans, Indians, or West Indians, and only a trickle of orientals; within her borders, she had badly ill-treated her own blacks in Nova Scotia, her Acadians in New Brunswick, her Métis in Saskatchewan, and her native Indians everywhere. During the 1960s, these myths, the warp and woof of Canadian ideology, were shown to be inaccurate and misleading.

Many of the most cherished virtues were coolly destroyed in a single volume. John Porter's *The Vertical Mosaic: An Analysis of Social Class and Power in Canada* (1965), a milestone in the country's intellectual history, Porter demonstrated that Canada was far from being "classless"; it possessed a complex structure which had emanated from geographic, demographic, ethnic, and economic factors. The structure was conservative, low in mobility, wasteful of human resources, and potentially self-defeating. His volume also contained a stern indictment of Canada's intellectuals, who had almost invariably and without dissent supported the injustices of the status quo. A good example was the Canadian historical school, consisting of Donald Creighton and his students. Their conception of history was that of a skillful and romantic narrative totally lacking in analysis; for them, history was made by men, policies, and constitutional change. There was no attention paid in the larger economic and social forces; as late as 1953, Creighton dismissed Marxism as a "heresy".

Canadian political scientists were no better: since the reign of Mackenzie King they had sanctified the loose combination of opportunism and brokerage in politics which had taken precedence over the debate of real issues. In the socialization of the scholar and the intelligent citizen, however, a special place was reserved for *liberal humanism*. In English Canada the correct ideological tone was maintained by importing professors from England at about the same rate as the Anglican Church imported bishops. Because of the homogeneity of background and outlook among scholars, dissent was rare, and the illusion was maintained that the intellectual was somehow "above politics". Commenting on this clericaly, Porter remarked: "It is another modern political system with such a paucity of participation from its scholars."

But intellectuals were only a small part of the problem. From their point of view, Porter's volume was not so much a symposium to the future as a generation for a past age. During the reign of Harold Innis, when one had had the insight to write it; during the 1960s, when it appeared, many of the more abrasive injustices it documented were being redressed. Education had made accessible to the masses for the first time, patronage of the arts began on a gigantic scale, and new men made their appearance in all the social hierarchies. But old attitudes persisted, largely because the increases in educational opportunity did not qualitatively alter the kind of formation young Canadians were receiving in the secondary schools.

The task of examining this aspect of Canadian culture fell to an independent group of educators who recently published their results under the provocative title *What Culture? What Heritage?* The authors, A. B. Hodgkins, directs the National History Project for Trinity College School and the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. Hodgkins and his associates spent two years conducting interviews in both English and French

high schools throughout the country. They also spent long hours observing the dynamics of classes in social studies. Their short, readable report is the strongest, best documented indictment of the archaic goals of civic humanism in Canadian schools ever presented to the public.

ONE-SIDED HISTORY

Hodgkins tells his readers frankly that "much of the standardized Canadian history taught in . . . school systems is antiquated and fundamentally useless". Not only useless, but bigoted. English Canada tends to teach its young people a "white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant political and constitutional history of Canada", while French Canada emphasizes the role of the oppressed warrior saint in the formation of a racially distinct religious state. In each case the heroes of history are different, and it is no wonder that mature English and French Canadians do not recognize each other's profiles as being "Canadian". For the third group of Canadians who are neither French nor English in origin, but who now make up one-third of the population, there is, officially speaking, no history at all. They must fit their backgrounds as best they can into one of the two dominant ideologies.

Laying stress on indoctrination, Hodgkins concludes, destroys the spirit of debate on civic issues which is the goal of courses in social studies; alarmed at the apathy towards politics among all Canadians, he finds the root of the problem in the non-controversial, textbook manner in which students are programmed to regurgitate a series of answers to pre-defined questions. Extending his analysis to history teachers, he finds as well the assumption widespread that past and present events have no relation to each other, that Canada's history is a series of isolated moments in "an account of uninterrupted economic progress". Perhaps Hodgkins is unfair to younger Canadian historians in both French and English universities, who are now fully engaged in social history.

The effects of this change, however, have clearly not filtered down to the level of the schools. Here, the students, often bored, turn to American history, which is filled with debate and controversy, and teachers make matters worse by employing American social models for Canadian situations in which they do not fit. As a result, there is a continual reinforcement of detrimental American influence in the schools, while there is little if any mature response to the real challenge which American history presents for every Canadian.

At a recent conference in Toronto, Hodgkins persuaded a group of educators to set up an independent foundation for the study and transmission of the Canadian heritage in schools. Its role would be a counterpart to the highly successful Canada Council, but directed towards national rather than international goals. Given the turgid mixture of religion and ideology in Canadian schools today, Hodgkins and his colleagues will have a difficult time avoiding the pitfalls of regional and ethnic chauvinism.

If Porter and Hodgkins are reasonably characteristic of Canada's present mood of self-criticism, the most eloquent representatives of the country remain essentially a part of the old order. The most brilliant of these is Northrop Frye, an ordained minister turned literary critic and head of his sect's college in the University of Toronto. Frye's criticism, which consists of a secularized theological exegesis, is almost universally admired in Canada. Frye is a virtuoso performer, and, like most virtuosos, unlikely to have any successors, not only because of his erudition, but because he has elegantly sidestepped the central critical debate literature and society.

In contrast to critics like F. R. Leavis, Raymond Williams, and, on Lucien Goldmann, Frye conceives literature and criticism to be part of a self-contained system. For him, criticism is a commentary on the

given, not a critique of it. "It criticism exists", he says, "it must be an examination of literature in terms of a conceptual framework derivable from an inductive survey of the literary field." The key word in this definition is *literary*. Frye's answer is a literary mythology.

In every way there is a structure of ideas, images, beliefs, assumptions, attitudes, and hopes, which enforces the view of man's situation and destiny, generally held at that time. I call this structure a mythology, and its units myths. But Frye's mythology is just the superstructure, slightly disguised, and his union of anthropological, historical and literary motives hardly conceals a fundamentally conservative version of Methodism. Frye says nothing about the social system, because in order to develop his typology, he must assume a static social hierarchy as an a priori principle. From the vantage point of recent Canadian experience, he also reveals a failure to conceive a universe of symbols which speak to him through mixed media. In contrast, he reduces visual and symbolic modes to literary archetypes; he compresses all artistic experience into the rearsuring mould of the Word. A didactic and characteristic Canadian intellectual, he is none the less growing out of touch with the currents of the contemporary generation.

That generation is presently experiencing, among other pressures, an old-fashioned nationalist revival. In French and English Canada the causes and manifestations are different, but oddly, there are some common factors unnoticed by both parties. In Simon Fraser University in British Columbia and in the Université de Montréal, for instance, allowing for vast differences between the societies, the grievances stated by student leaders are highly similar. In provincial politics, as well, Quebec and Ontario have both presented Ottawa with a list of demands, containing numerous identical items.

What appears to be happening is the manifestation of nationalism in a regional guise. In English Canada at least, the causes of the new nationalist sentiment are not primarily Canadian in origin: like the national movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, this version of a familiar melodrama is the anti-thesis of a thesis originating in the United States. S. M. Lipset has called this dialectic "revolution and counterrevolution" — a simplification no doubt, but one which indicates that, traditionally, irrational anti-Americanism has always provided a scapegoat for the recurrent Canadian personality crisis. The present wave of nationalism however is more serious because of the gravity of the events which initiated it: the war in Vietnam and the plight of the Negro. Through these specific issues, the question of Canada's economic interdependence with the United States has been reopened in the wider context of the American empire. Its anger has been fanned by a number of minor events, like the refusal of the Johnson government to extradite Hal Banks, a convicted labour leader, in response to an open bribe, and the recent oneirism of a map in the office of an unspecified oil conglomerate on which Canada's Arctic islands are designated "disputed territory".

A more serious issue has arisen over the war in Vietnam, which the Canadian people oppose, but which the Canadian Government openly supports through the supply of industrial products and raw materials without which the American effort would collapse in a few weeks. This issue has been inflamed by the presence in Canada of American nationalists who have wilfully forsaken their citizenship; in 1967 alone, according to the United States Army, there were about 53,000 deserters, many of whom fled to Canada. In addition, with the example of the Negro, before them, French Canadians have begun to regard themselves as colonial slaves manipulated by the economic systems of English Canada and the United States; a complaint which has been taken up in Newfoundland, the Maritimes, and the Midwest. Canada's traditional love-hate rela-

tionship with her superpower has now thus appeared in the period of difficulties.

However, the only way of viewing the problems of the United States in terms of the United States is to disguise the fact that the problem with Canada is not economic question, but a cultural one. There is, of course, no doubt that the American side of the coin has been often repeated. The Canadian side of the coin, however, is only in American terms. Thus a national monument like the Royal Ontario Museum, faced with an enormous expenditure of local interest, falls victim to a policy of calculated cultural imperialism. Young Canadians are now demanding an end to this state of affairs. They want Canada to develop a productive capacity in the new world of the game, a new set of rules of the game which is not a total accommodation of American interests.

The motivation towards fundamental changes has, oddly enough, been taken from disillusioned segments of the American population, but north of the border it has been a characteristically Canadian course. In both French and English Canada, the alienation has come from black Americans. They were the first to challenge the monolithic representation of the North American experience which dominates the middle classes. Canada is still a white man's world, and one who is normally included in the American intellectual inventory. To put it another way, if existence in the United States today implies existence in a world of institutions for the transmission of culture, the United States appears to have virtually no interest in Canada. In spite of the efforts of a few universities — Harvard, Vermont, Johns Hopkins — in founding Canadian studies programmes, Canadian history has found no place in the American version of North American tradition. It has entered the consciousness of educators at a lower level. In addition, with few exceptions, there is no awareness of an alternative group of societies in the north among social scientists. For most Americans, Canada in terms of organized histori-

PROFITS GO ABROAD

Too often, as well, a purely economic terms of cultural issue, which is relevant to the author or lecturer as it is to the reader. The 1950s, more than half from Canadian industry, paid in foreign currencies, modified the United States. A proportion of this was being re-invested in Canada, but a smaller proportion, and the arts, also in the United States. The conservative science of the federal government has furthered this imbalance. Canadian trend continues, Canada is to lose control over the capacities of their economy to the present generation, if not already done so by the national government, with the aid of renegade ministers like Gordon, has simply reduced this question, prominent in Canada have occasionally been the disastrous consequences of cultural growth.

One example will suffice. Royal Ontario Museum is a unique national possession, among other things the finest collection of art in the world. At a time when Canada has become truly aware of the value of its cultural heritage, however, it finds itself in a difficult position in relation to the federal government, who should comprise its support. The Ontario provincial government, either the federal government or Canadian very rich, and large can-owned corporations have to its aid. In contrast to the United States, where 30 per cent of gifts are income tax deductible, Canada allows only 10 per cent in the case of gifts to Ottawa, where the average per cent is 10. The Canadian have not fulfilled their duty. The Eaton family, whose assets are in Canada, are allowed to pay no tax on their absolute wealth, about their absolute wealth, seldom invest in the culture. They have heavily publicized their

work on Toronto's waterfront, which will serve no purpose but the destruction of hundreds of acres of land.

But American subsidiaries are the main contributors to Canadian culture. They reply that funds for economic question, but a cultural one. There is, of course, no doubt that the American side of the coin has been often repeated. The Canadian side of the coin, however, is only in American terms. Thus a national monument like the Royal Ontario Museum, faced with an enormous expenditure of local interest, falls victim to a policy of calculated cultural imperialism. Young Canadians are now demanding an end to this state of affairs. They want Canada to develop a productive capacity in the new world of the game, a new set of rules of the game which is not a total accommodation of American interests.

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cal data, does not exist: it is merely a geographical entity possessing a recently invented national flag. What American intellectuals have committed through negligence is the counterpart of the American corporation's search for *Lebensraum*. By not admitting that Canada is a nation-state with its own traditions, intellectuals offer indirectly a justification for the economic exploitation of Canada. Until recently, Canada, a poorer country in which the effects of the depression were severe and indelible, unwittingly contributed to this mentality. But this view has largely disappeared. If a Canadian alternative to the American experience was until recently only a possibility, it now appears to be a necessity.

But what is the real prognosis for Canadian culture? A lot will depend on the federal government. Unlike Britain or the United States, it is at once the largest patron of national or provincial culture, and the organization most likely to strangle it to death. Canada possesses a vast land mass and has settled it in an annually rationalized, civilized way. The country is now run by a monolith of para-governmental agencies which are all becoming dependent for their continued existence on the mass media. An act of government patronage, therefore, like the recent renewal of the radio and television mandate of the C.B.C., has two sides.

On the debit side, the government, by controlling funds, channels of expression, and art forms, may subtly educate and tranquilize the people. Canadian newspapers do not as a rule offer radical criticism of the government, and journals like *The Spectator*, *The New Socialist* and *New South* simply do not exist except in French. Government programming and unopposed consensus is the inevitable result. An example is the recent "task force" on housing and urban development. Urbanization has proceeded much more quickly in Canada than almost anywhere else, and it was expected that the government would pay some attention to the crisis. In the government organized a television-drama in which the major actors were the legislators and the consultants in population management, while the minor roles were

played by Canada's disinherited. At the end of the review everyone was confused and the government viewpoint emerged like an historical inevitability. Whatever the merits of its proposals, it had clearly mastered a new set of techniques in positive thinking. They promise to become a familiar sight.

On the credit side, the government has only sporadically supported institutions of national importance and international quality. In spite of the recent addition of a Department of Cultural Affairs to the foreign office, and the presence of an energetic Secretary of State, under whose ministry national culture falls, Canada has done little, especially externally, to eradicate its traditional reputation for philistinism. Outside official circles, however, Canadian culture is beginning to hum. Montreal is still Canada's only international metropolis, and French Canada is still its chief cultural asset, but Toronto and Vancouver are much improved, and there have been signs of a veritable culture mania in the Midwest.

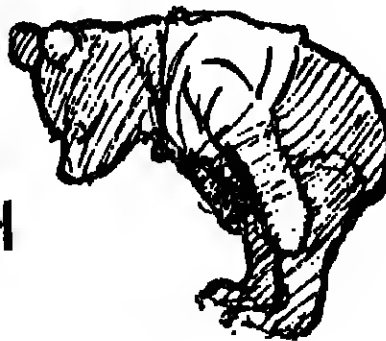
The least that can be said is that, at the end of the 1960s, Canadian culture is stronger than it was at the beginning; that the patriotic search for a folk-culture, whose roots, being essentially non-existent, were so difficult to trace, has been abandoned; and that, if Canadian arts and letters, are not yet international in quality and scope, they are moving in this direction through the development of autonomous cultural regions. For the first time, English Canada and not just Quebec possesses an audience for its popular literature and entertainment. The recent exodus of talented Canadians has not ceased, but it has decelerated. Marcel Riether has reflected that often he was twenty-three he had virtually no choice but to leave Canada and establish himself abroad. If he had to make the same decision today, he might still leave; but the decision would be more difficult.

In the next two weeks we shall be printing two further articles on Canada: "Canadian Literature" by Professor George L. Parker and "Mass-culture in Canada" by Joe Medjuck.

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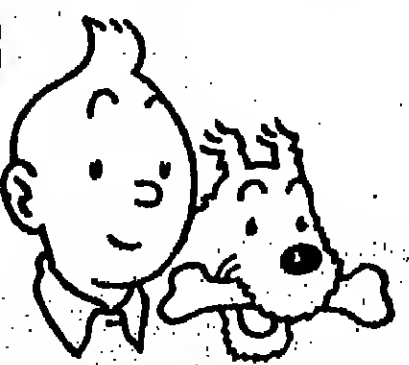
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Cymreictod

ROBYN LEWIS: *Second-Class Citizen*. 125pp. Gwasg Gomer: J. D. Lewis, 12s. 6d.

The hard Tories do not figure in most dictionaries of quotations, but one remark of his at least is not forgotten. It was he who mystically observed, in a phrase cherished by Welsh romantics ever since:

Their Lord they shall praise,
Their language they shall keep,
Their land they shall lose,
Except Wild Wales.

He was talking about the original British, and he was right: for in a Wales that still has its sanctuaries of wildness the last of the whole-hog Britons still speak their ancient tongue—Welsh, *Cymraeg*, that pride of bark, hostage of politicians and railway-station mystery.

The proportion of Welsh-speakers in Wales has been falling for generations—67 per cent in 1841, perhaps a half at the turn of the century, about a quarter now. For at least three centuries the English did their best to crush the language. "There may be some glimmering hope," wrote a London pamphleteer in 1842, "that the British language may be quite extinct and may be Englished out of Wales." The sooner the Welsh language disappeared, wrote Matthew Arnold in 1867, "the better for England, the better for Wales itself." The *Times* once called Welsh "the curse of Wales", and only a decade ago Lord Raglan said it would be a happy day for Wales when the language "finally takes its proper place on the bookshelves of the scholars".

Yet it has survived: in the pulpit, in the poetry books, at the eisteddfods and on the lips of ordinary people. Today 650,000 people still speak it, probably as many as in Matthew Arnold's day. In several counties it is still the predominant language, in all it has become the focus of Welsh nationalist loyalty. It has an emotive dynamism beyond the literary or the semantic. To its lovers it is the earnest of an ancient culture and nationality; to its detractors it is hardly more than the mumbo-jumbo of fanatics.

This is sad, for though of course language and nationality are inextricably linked, the best kind of modern Welsh patriotism has a wider theme than mere vocabulary. What it cares for is Welshness—*Cymreictod*: ambience if you like, flavour, spirit, identity. In this little book, Mr. Robyn Lewis, one of the most persuasive nationalist spokesmen, sets out to correlate the love of language with the love of country—to

show how far they are independent, and how one can help the other without hindering the whole. He believes in universal bilingualism as the ultimate goal for Wales. In the meantime, he argues, the language should be fostered not merely for its own sake, but as providing a background or texture of Welshness for all Welsh citizens, whether or not they speak it.

Mr. Lewis is a politician, and is partly out to convince the electorate that Plaid Cymru is not all folksy intolerance. He is also a polemicist, and part of his book is concerned with the legal status of the Welsh language. He skirts too fleetly, perhaps, the fears of parents who already find their children handicapped by inadequate powers of English. In general, however, he is moderate, fair and sensible—properly up-in-arms for Wales and Welsh, but far from chauvinist.

He would like to see, for instance, much more affixed bilingualism in Wales—not merely in road signs and public announcements, but in shop fronts too, and house gates, and office nameplates. Why not indeed? And where the Welsh and the English form are equally understandable to all, is there any sensible argument against the use of Welsh "Carnarfon" for Carnarvon, "Cricieth" for Criccieth? In a thousand such little ways, apart from the greater issues of legal usage or educational priority, the wider use of Welsh can contribute to the wider enjoyment of Welshness. For *Cymreictod* is creative (and profitable) beyond the limits of language. Not only does it foster its Dylan Thomas, whose English is really Welsh: it is also fun for all but the most rock-bottom tourists.

Second-Class Citizen should help to dispel two parallel but popular illusions: first that Welsh nationalism is all bombs, tangled beads and misdirected revenge; and secondly that because the Welsh enjoyed the investment so much, and took so kindly in their personable young prince, Welsh separatism has evaporated overnight. Neither, thank goodness, is true; and most educated Englishmen would probably read Mr. Lewis's book with unexpected sympathy. It would be a dullard now who would wish to see the Welsh language die; but it would be a criminal philistine who wished to put an end to Welshness—the frame of mind, the turn of phrase, the music and the individuality for which the ancient tongue has provided, through so many defiant centuries, so noble and so fascinating a front.

Telegraphese

COLIN R. COOTE: *The Government We Deserve*. 255pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2.5s.

Members of the Jury, having considered the evidence and the submissions of Counsel for the prosecution and the defence, you must now retire to determine whether the publication of this book was really necessary. The verdict is yours alone, but before you return it you must be reminded, at least briefly, from this Bench of the main arguments.

Counsel for the Prosecution has maintained, in general, that nowadays there is an undermining over-production of books, and that authors and publishers alike should apply a more rigorous test before they write and before they publish. He proposes that the question must always be pressed whether authors have anything new to say, whether a book is the best way to say it if they have, or whether the author, though he is saying nothing new, says it with especial power, brilliance, or philosophical depth.

Counsel argues, in particular, that Sir Colin Coote, as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, has had abundant opportunity through the years to say what he has to say on his chosen subject; that as the author of a book he has not, on this occasion, shown evidence of an inclination to strike deeper into the problems of govern-

ment than his own long political memory and the newspaper files; that he has not redeemed the intractability of platitudes with the saving grace of wit or a style that transcends workaday journalism; and, in short, that Sir Colin's opinions on the good and bad in British government matter neither more nor less than the next man's. In support of his contention that the book does not rise above the level of daily newspaper editorializing, Counsel also makes the point, which the Defence have not challenged, that here and there the author runs behind events. Sir Colin concedes the obsolescence of some of his comments.

Counsel for the Defence argues, in general, that Britain has been stricken by a sickness to which loss of trust in the competence of politicians and political institutions has contributed, and that therefore the need and the demand for experienced guidance in the analysis of what is wrong with government and how the faults may be righted has increased, is increasing, and will increase.

In particular, Counsel answers that the author has a special duty to offer leadership and guidance in a time of democratic crisis to the millions of *Telegraph* readers who relied upon him for their opinions, day by day, through the years. Counsel has said, with cogency, that in a time of confusion and uncertainty popular trust will be given most

readily to a familiar voice, to familiar things; and that the danger comes posed by unfamiliar voices saying things.

Counsel for the author, publisher ask you, Members of the Jury, to dismiss with courtesy the attempted case that the book does not rise above the level of journalism. The Prosecution regard as a shame, the Defence view as a plume, on the argument that can be no crime in saying nearly everybody says, and not to say it, on such less harsh taxation, the education, the modernizing of procedure, the reform of the law, the curbing of the power, and a revision of the future and finance of the state.

Members of the Jury, as I have said, and using *heigels* (or *chaw* you attention to the fact of the author when he goes in the witness box. There is doubt that you will conclude that a man of robust opinions, his opinions have been heard in the experience of a lifetime in Britain and beyond the question you have to ask whether the author is necessary to the public mind.

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Eat! Eat!

BERNARD KOPS: *By the Waters of Whitechapel*. 236pp. Bodley Head. 30s.

Danny La Rue's recent pantomime was a joke about the Israeli people. Apparently they do not like air hostesses of the usual type: they have a little old lady who is up the gangway crying "Eat! Eat!" The Yiddish-mamma has a stock type in the world's comedy. She is meaningful outside her own environment, and writing advertisements remind us: you must have to be Jewish to have a Jewish mother.

Field, the East End shopkeeper in Bernard Kops's novel, is an old lady. Her son, the Feld or Field, is something of a Jewish Portnoy, indulging in a little under mother's thumb. The tale concludes with a mother dead, her body disposed of, and Aubrey disguised in his mother's dress, the policeman and the Pakistani children cannot tell the difference between old Leah and her in drag. He makes himself a soup, and tells neighbours that Aubrey has died a hero's death.

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us of his play. *The Hamlet of Sycamore Green*, bringing a universal myth down to a local habitation. The ghost of Aubrey's father hovers over the action. Aubrey likes to think of him as a friend of Trotsky. The Claudius in this Hamlet is a detective called Fineberg who frustrates Aubrey's attempt at a princely role, his car and Knightsbridge clothes, financed by embezzlement.

The publishers credit Bernard Kops with four novels, but have left out his *Four Square* paperback, *Motorbike* ("Rebellious teenager in Britain today"). Perhaps Kops disdains this pot-boiler, with its sad-Nazi cover. Yet it's not bad: not "literary" at all, it is an ordinary hook of the kind most people read, and we find here the same theme put simply, as the injured motorcyclist to young Gentile hoolies in hospital over Barton New Town, his "slinking, lousy job".

This affection for his mother imprisoned him in a place that he wanted

If...

CHAIM BERNANT: *Here Endeth the Lesson*. 218pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

It is often said that, punch-drunk from the assaults of reformist zealots-in-a-hurry, our schools are edging steadily towards the snake-pit. Chaim Bernant's *Crumbleigh High School* has already tumbled in. Masters fraternize with boys in sofa strip-clubs. A girl pupil (Crumbleigh is co-ed) seduces one of the male staff and then blackmails him for £25 in order to procure a mythical abortion. A nymphomaniac supply teacher neglects her nethall in order to glaze the appetite of the head-boy. Pickering, the English master, goes immediately out of his mind when he sees a colleague tearing a page out of one of his exercise books. Miss Pearson marks steadily on through riot and rape. Dr. Harris does no sinful action, speaks appropriately angry words, but remains

to the end a non-headmaster. David Garbett, central character and narrator, a Cambridge man (who irritatingly persists in describing himself as belonging to Kings' when he means King's) has considerable trouble with his rampant libido while Tilly, his wife, pregnant for what seems to him an elephantine time, tolerates him and his inadequate Hummum Scale more patiently than he deserves.

In the past Mr. Bernant has shown that he has a light touch, an exact ear for speech rhythms, and enough boldness of line in his character-drawing to ensure what puppeteers call animation. One thinks of an earlier book of his, *Days of an Old Man*, with particular pleasure. But in *Here Endeth the Lesson* nothing goes right for him. The note he seems to be aiming at—funny-fantastic with an accompaniment of perfectly valid social commentary—is never held confidently or for long. Too soon he is back with just a tired Cambridge light-blue farce on his hands.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

New Books in September

General

- H. E. Bates, autobiography *The Vanished World* 50/-
Richard Hough *Fighting Ships Through the Ages* 84/-
Morris Marples *Six Royal Sisters* 50/-
Alasdair Alpin MacGregor *The Farthest Hebrides* 35/-
"Magnum" *America in Crisis* 50/-
Jean Louis Curtis *The World of Older Men* 35/-
Malcolm Foster *John Galsworthy: a Biography* 70/-
Colette Modiano *Twenty Snobs and Also* 30/-
Elizabeth David *French Provincial Cooking* (re-issue 63/-)
Kathleen Slack *Social Administration and the Citizen* (re-issue, cloth 50/-, paper 21/-)

Fiction

- Derek Lambert *The Kites of War* 30/-
Beatrice Coogan *The Big Wind* 35/-
Susan Barrett *Jan Today* 25/-
Elliott Baker *The Penny Wars* 30/-
Henry Cecil *Tell You What I'll Do* 25/-
George Hirst *The Long Mountain* 25/-
Jack Bennett *Dragon* 25/-
Anthony Masters *Conquering Heroes* 35/-
Hugh Ross Williamson *The Cardinal in Exile* 25/-
Jon Burmeister *A Hot and Copper Sky* 25/-
Myron S. Kaufmann *Tly Daughter's Nakedness* 60/-

Pelham Books

- Pears Cyclopaedia (78th Edition) 25/-
W. E. (Bill) Alley *My Incredible Innings* 30/-
John Gibson *The Newcastle United F.C. Story* 30/-
Dr. L. Edwards *Home First Aid* 30/-
Derek Robinson *Rugby: Success Starts Here* 25/-
Alex Stepney *In Safe Keeping* 30/-
Derek Fletcher *Pelham Manual for Sea Anglers* 35/-
Webster Evans *Rubs of the Green* 30/-

Blisshen Books (for Children)

- Jim Ingram *Archaeology* 12/6
Anthony Pearson *Fishing* 12/6

Arlington Books

- Sandy Hutson *Eff Off* 25/-

MICHAEL JOSEPH

Wisdom from Wooster

HOWARD F. LOWRY: *College Talks*. Edited by James R. Blackwood. 177pp. Oxford University Press. £2.2s.

There can be few less promising subjects for an interesting book than a collection of commencement addresses by a minor college president. In *College Talks* are speeches, sermons, commencement addresses, and graduation addresses by the deceased President of Wooster College, of Wooster, Ohio. From the portrait in the back of the dust-jacket, he was a tall, distinguished-looking man, rather like General George Marshall. He had spent a great deal of his life at Wooster, though he also worked in Yale, and at Princeton. The forebodings seem at first to be correct, indeed many of the pages are tedious to a degree. But viewed from a slightly different angle, they are fascinating. Just as eighteenth and nineteenth-century sermons tell their reader more about the eighteenth and nineteenth-century mind than many more distinguished works, so Dr. Lowry's addresses reveal more about the background of American college life than most of the books and articles that emerge from the eastern Establishment.

There is not one joke about a Jewish mother: there is no reference to Miss Susan Sontag; there is no reference to the cult of making it. Here is a man who is scholarly, indeed erudite, whose prose is sound and muscular, whose tone is conversational and easy; who has seen generations of young people come and go, some of them to the Korean War, and some to the Korean War, and some to the Korean War, and some to the Korean War. The impact of the book is extraordinary. There is an honest attempt to describe the kind of world view and the kind of faith of a decent American in the world and who had a proper contempt for the ephemeral, fashionable values of the New York publishing set. It is this sort of spirit, this sort of view of the world, which has had the greatest effect on men like the astronauts, people like President Nixon, and many of the small-town American businessmen who form the heart of American public opinion. The outsider reading this cannot but be struck by its seriousness, common sense and sensibility.

The Treasury's role

SAMUEL BRITTON: *Steering the Economy*. 341pp. Seeker and Warburg. £5.

Just as Labour were coming into power in the autumn of 1964, Mr. Britton's *The Treasury under the Tories*, 1951-64 appeared, as a Pelican paperback. *Abolition*; the gifted economist editor of *The Financial Times* has now brought his Treasury's analysis and critique of the economy up-to-date—indeed up to this year—and made a much more satisfying job of it. Here is how economic and budgetary policy (its medium for the message) are drawn up and exercised. No one deeming himself versed in economic affairs ought to ignore it, for its coverage and attention to detail are exemplary; nor can the author be faulted for political (or indeed any other) bias. His preferences in a field notorious for personal value-judgments and idiosyncrasies are clear and confessed. If readers now and then disagree, they must admire the author's candour, knowledge of facts, and advocacy. This is a good, expensive book, worth the money: for devaluation in 1967, the Fullon Report, floating rates of exchange, and many another topic on lips today are adequately handled.

Only one topic is not: the so-called "money supply theory" and its application both in the United States and the United Kingdom, belatedly, after the election of President Nixon in 1968, to this country at the behest of the International Monetary Fund and with the support of the Bank of England. It is hard to blame the author for the omission of full examination of this volte face in "Treasury control" after two decades of "fiscal control" since, even now, few economic editors and commentators (and few economists) in learned periodicals—apart from Mr. Britton in the "pink un"—have really, deeply, satisfactorily explored and examined the manifold implications of that volte-face especially for Britain caught in a stream in long and abortive efforts to redress her economic equilibrium by drastic and over more drastic fiscal measures, drafted and administered through the Treasury. As things cannot know or find out who is administratively responsible for the day-to-day controls over the total

flow of "money" of all kinds, or how and why such controls are exercised. Intervention in the gilt-edged market by the Government Broker, making prices or selling, is by no means the most effective, efficient or evident control of that total flow of purchasing power. There is the level of bank advances to all sorts and conditions of their customers (including of course local governments and the state boards and agencies). There is the device known as "special deposits" by the banks at the Bank, immobilizing much of their credit base; a British variant of American and German and other "reserve ratios" for bank lending. There are hire-purchase, trade credit, customer's credit, tally, selling, and many another device to create ready money. There are also (alas, for the red-facial pundits!) institutions, individuals, and associations' savings to be drawn on to the tune of hundreds and thousands of millions of pounds, if need or fear or desire be. We eagerly await Mr. Britton's next book which must surely

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End the war!

DON LUCE and JOHN SOMMER: *Viet Nam: The Unheard Voices*. 336pp. Cornell University Press. (I.B.E.G.) £3.2s.

Two members of the International Volunteer Service present their sentiments of service in Vietnam, one during five years, the other ten, and their ultimate disgust with the war, expressed in an open protest of the L.V.S. (whose local director, Don Luce, then was) to President Johnson in September, 1967, to just "End the War!" The "unheard voices" are conversations with ordinary people seeking sympathy in their sorrows whom the authors encountered. Not all the material is firsthand, if only because it originates with other members of the L.V.S. or is an unavoidable tendency for big problems to get dismissed in a semi-tentative as incidental to somebody's remarks about them. No Vietnamese feature, but the authors report copiously on their enquiry. The message

is negative, with no suggestion of courses of action would be preferable to the ones condoned by the idealism knocked about by foreign world already hard on war.

Still, there are some very fine passages, such as the dilemma of the G.I. on patrol in jungle when he suddenly encounters a thrustful young pebbles, the authors fall to spot the wrong tactically with this. They might have seen the rather earlier, to show up the lies of their fellow-countrymen of which, however, they are free-zone bombing by U.S. planes, has been said since. They have begun in 1962, and late, they leave a slightly more the more so as both for the dust-cover point to the "interest". Surprisingly, this scientific contribution to the studies is the only full-length study that country that "Cornell" passed facilities for South Vietnamese studies have produced by a university press.

A quatre

ANTHONY HALTRECHT: *The Devil is a Single Man*. 286pp. Collins.

The Devil is a Single Man, Mr. Haltrecht proves the problems of the marriage vows more as they will snuff round a tree where shallowly buried. He comes with no confident solutions: the can do is give a useful, disarming thing. Yet this is surely better than over-assured poundings of the edge, or too certainties that too many questions. The fable he writes his meditations on is rather—altogether too thin some day—yet just strong enough to their weight. Gravitas, after all, quite what Mr. Haltrecht seems to offer.

It is a sobering thought that if there were some Prix Genet for the book of the year embodying the most degrading sense of violence the short list would be monstrously long. And with her new novel there is no doubt that Miss Gaskell's work would be on it. The violence in *A Sweet Sweet Summer* is not a titillation on the edge of the narrative but the core of the story. Shooting, pinning, knifing, beating to death, whether of strangers, life-long buddies, close relations, even conglomeration, these are merely the pattern of life. In a mere play which is part science fiction, part

when Simon comes home late to the family mansion after visiting an exhibition of vintage motor-cars in the company of his mistress-mistress, says, dressing-gowned: "Who's there? Is that the Master?"

This mistress-mistress is Joanna, whom Simon first meets on one of his modelling jobs. She is much older than Simon, and is thus able to temper her still voracious sexual appetites with calculation. It is this val-

Quagmire

JANE GASKELL: *A Sweet Sweet Summer*. 223pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 28s.

pornographic rag, part children's comic-strip, Miss Gaskell offers a paean and a dirge for a society consumed by violence, lost and the love of power. The novel is set, surrealistically, in a Britain cut off and dominated by the Aftens, machines from outer space which hover in the sky, terrorizing a divided and degenerate people. Pelham, the narrator, hedges his bets and tries to keep with the going advantage: Frija, his strange cousin, is a kind of intellectual Bal-Glad and Connor is the archetypal thug who falls in love. These three crawl, run, swim, fly, stumble, roar, creep along through every conceivable incarnation of life. It says something for Miss Gaskell's imaginative power that one finds the tale both funny and disgusting.

Handwritten note in a box: "The Devil is a Single Man" by Anthony Haltrecht.

In London libraries

N. R. KER: *Medieval Manuscripts in British Libraries*. Volume 1: London. 437pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6 6s.

It was the Manuscripts Sub-Committee of SCONE that had the excellent idea of inviting Mr. N. R. Ker to make a union catalogue of medieval manuscripts in the smaller British collections. Our larger collections—those with more than fifty manuscripts—are mostly well catalogued already, but the smaller ones might otherwise be wasted for ever. The London collections dealt with in this first volume, which will be followed by two more for "Aberdeen-Liverpool" and "Maidstone-York", contain nearly 700 manuscripts written in Latin or a West European language before about 1500. Manuscripts and binding fragments, like Greek and Oriental manuscripts, are excluded.

In the work as a whole Mr. Ker will, very conveniently, include all British collections, but he treats them in different ways. For the British Museum, the Bodleian, Cambridge University Library, and the National Library of Scotland and Wales he will simply list the existing catalogues. Thanks to Mr. Ker's bibliography, the B.M. can be dismissed in one and a half lines. Forty-six other collections contain more than fifty manuscripts; seven cathedrals, four universities, sixteen Oxford colleges, ten Cambridge colleges, Eton College, the Fitzwilliam Museum, the John Rylands Library, and five collections in London (Lambeth Palace, Lincoln's Inn, the Society of Antiquaries, University College, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Wellcome Historical Medical Library). For these middling collections Mr. Ker normally expands existing descriptions where necessary and adds fresh ones if manuscripts acquired since the catalogues were published.

For the remaining collections, of under fifty manuscripts, he expands and supplements existing catalogues, and completely revises a few that are hopelessly obsolete or else unfindable, and where no catalogue exists, he provides one. Among the middling and smaller collections in London fourteen have existing catalogues, of which Mr. Ker has rewritten five (Dulwich College; Dutch Church, Austin Friars; Medical Society of London; Royal College of Surgeons; Dr. Williams's Library) and expanded and/or supplemented the remainder (College of Arms; Gray's Inn; Sion College; Society of Antiquaries; University College; Wellcome Library; Westminster Abbey). Two more collec-

tions he has simply hand-listed: the Victoria and Albert, which has an up-to-date catalogue in typescript, and the Inner Temple, which is being fully catalogued by Dr. J. Conway Davies. With the B.M. and the sixteen institutions just mentioned, London has forty-eight collections in all; and Mr. Ker has catalogued thirty-one of them for the first time, containing between one and thirty-four manuscripts each.

Except for about two dozen earlier volumes, the London collections dealt with here contain books written since the twelfth century, of which the great majority are naturally in Latin. The larger collections have manuscripts of miscellaneous contents (Gray's Inn; Guildhall; Inner Temple; Lambeth Palace; Law Society; St. Paul's; Sion College; Society of Antiquaries; University College; University of London; Westminster Abbey). Of the smaller ones, many are distinctly specialized: biblical manuscripts at the British and Foreign Bible Society; legal and administrative at the City of London Record Office, Lincoln's Inn and the Public Record Office; liturgical at the Grand Priory of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, the Oratory, the R.C. Metropolitan See of Southwark, and Westminster Cathedral; liturgical, and liturgical, at the Victoria and Albert; medical at the Medical Society of London and the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons; scientific at the Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Iron and Steel Institute, the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Royal Meteorological Society. Nothing—and who can wonder at it?—is said about the essential possibility of an index; and in the meantime, an introductory list of short titles, with dates, origins and medieval provenances, gives the user a rough idea of where to look for the sort of texts and books that interest him.

Mr. Ker is an experienced cataloguer and his descriptions, here are exemplary: typographically neater than in his own Anglo-Saxon catalogue, and easier to follow than the descriptions in Professor Mynors's Balliol catalogue, to which he pays a warm tribute as a model. The contents, physical features, and provenance of the manuscripts described in full are exhaustively and clearly expounded, with an impressive range of reference to printed sources and other manuscripts. Unique and non-standard texts are often described in considerable detail, and Mr. Ker's work will be a valuable aid to future cataloguers in many fields.

In fourteen pages of preface Mr. Ker explains the purpose and method of his catalogue and imparts much

useful paleographical and codicological information about manuscripts of the later Middle Ages. Especially interesting are his remarks on quire signatures and leaf signatures, and on script. Following the good example set by Professor G. I. Lidzbarski, Mr. Ker divides Gothic script into "textual" (*liber textus*), formal bookhand, and for Continental manuscripts, "cursive" and "hybrid". For English manuscripts, he uses "textual" but not "hybrid", and introduces two new terms, to describe the two distinct kinds of cursive that were used in England from c. 1376 onwards: "anglicana" for the ancient native type, "secretary" for the new type imported from France. In places types and one of the innumerable crosses used by English scribes of the fifteenth century. The appearance in print, for the first time, of a statement from Mr. Ker on this important distinction, which he himself, Mr. M. B. Parkes and Dr. A. I. Doyle have been making for several years now, is a major event in the history of English palaeography. It illuminates the whole subsequent development of Gothic cursive in England and makes sense of the confusing picture of the same period that Sir Hilary Jenkinson painted in 1927. The distinction is as valid for documentary cursive as for literary cursive, about which we shall shortly learn much more in a book by Mr. Parkes now in the press. The ten good plates with which Mr. Ker rounds off his catalogue include an otherwise unknown passage on the death and attempted burial of King Arthur from Gray's Inn 7, li. 40-61, s. xiv in.

Scholars, like runners, have their favourite distances. Mr. Ker, with two editions of *Medieval Libraries of Great Britain*, his Anglo-Saxon catalogue, and now this behind him, evidently professes the marathon. Medieval studies were very heavily indebted to him before the present volume had appeared; and wherever he may be on the long and lonely road from Aberdeen, via Liverpool and Maidstone, to York, it is to be hoped that the gratitude and admiration which his efforts of London libraries is bound to evoke in every student of medieval books will cheer him on his beneficent way. Posterity will remember Mr. Ker as the more than worthy successor of Humfrey Wanley and M. R. James, whom he matches in enthusiasm and stamina and far exceeds in elegance and precision.

Bijouterie

ALBERT SCHLOSS: *Bijou Almanac, 1839-1843*. Edited by Iain Bain. 56pp. Nattall and Maurice. £8 8s.

"Vast be the praise of this tremendous tome, which measures somewhat less than half an inch and yet exhibits all the beauty of typography, graphic embellishment and costly binding that distinguish the annual family"; thus *The Sunday Times* saluted one of the eight almanacs, measuring 2.1 by 1.4 centimetres, published in London by Albert Schloss under the title *The English Bijou Almanac*; a little doubtless designed to emphasize that despite his German name and origin, and the fact that similar lithographed almanacs produced in Germany had kept familiar delicacies for a number of years, this was a domestic creation—and one, Mr. Bain assures us, decisively superior in technical accomplishment. The last five of the series are here reproduced by offset lithography from film made by Dupont's Cronapress system, from the original steel plates engraved for Schloss by Benjamin Rees Davies, now in the possession of Mr. P. N. McQueen, himself a steel-plate printer. Each sixty-four-page plate, reproduced in its entirety, undivided, is here easily accommodated on a small quarto page, with generous margins (followed by 50 per cent enlargements of individual sections). And then as illustrating clearly and fully the enthusiasm of the editor and his publisher, Mr. John Ryder.

Information, please

Hermann von Beck, authoress of *Personal Addresses* (1930), whereabouts of any portrait suitable for reproduction.

W. M. Parker, 2 Abinger Gardens, Fulham 12.

"The Devil in Mr. poetry and impressions of wild days when the world went mad", C. T. Clifford Milford, 25, any information about author or distributor.

L. Millard, 9/15 Putney Hill, London, S.W.15.

Alexandre Dumas, père, any information about his *Dictionnaire de Cuisine*.

T. A. Layton, 2a Duke Street, London, W.1.

Jane Rowlandson, 156 Claremont Road, Salford, M16 9QG.

Horsey Alfred Ford, 1822-80; whereabouts of any correspondence, especially relating to his connection with the Plymouth Brethren.

Aloin Holt, 3 The Crest, Palmers Green, London, N.13.

Gedde Family: whereabouts of the Mrs. Lynn Lytton papers formerly in the possession of Miss Ada Gedde.

E. J. Dillingwall, Pine Hill, Crowhurst, Battle, Sussex.

Major-General Charles George Gordon, 1833-85; whereabouts of any letters in private hands.

Mary H. Ruitt, Department of History, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007, U.S.A.

Bishop Healey Heaton; any letters and personal recollections, for a biography.

John S. Peart-Blinis, 19 Beaconsfield Road, Cluyton, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Ben Jordan; whereabouts of books once owned by him not listed by Hearn and Simpson or by Burr, *Book Collector*, 1964.

David McPherson, 47 Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge.

George Marsh the Mayor, 1515-55; any information about his children and grandchildren.

Schloss's almanacs are fully illustrated by the practitioners in the Russell Milford, Ltd. Lower. Each carried contemporary editions, then the Duchesse de Wellington, the Duke of Wellington, John Murray; the value being further embellished by Caernarvon Castle. Mr. Bain, is the only one who shows evidence of Davies, in contrast to temporary book illustrations, "no steel, steel with the hurlin."

The scholarly introduction recasting Albert Schloss, illuminates the economics of *Annual* in its heyday; a line of Schloss's case at the time he had to keep the 1838 *Bijou Almanac*. "Beautifully bound with a highly embellished cover," "elegantly bound in vellum" for 3s. while a sentence bought for a year in the R.N.A.S. he got a project to prepare two for an attack on Berlin, had a chief and, on being a different duty, resigned. When he got back to the Australian Flying Corps, he found his way barred by the Second World War. He was well enough to exploit his own aviation process to own a twin-engine aircraft, and was soon to help the photographic intelligence services in the Red Sea and as far east as the Red Sea and his assistant went on his work as civilians after war and their success on aviation for the Navy was relevant to an edition of the R.A.F. had to take

23 Old Buildings, London, W.C.2

George Ernest Monro, a correspondent in Syria (1895-1912) and Political Officer of the British Consulate in Beirut (1912-20); whereabouts of any photographs relevant to an edition of the R.A.F. had to take

27 Redington Road, London, N.W.2

Lord Nelson; whereabouts of any portrait suitable for reproduction.

Libby, Box 454, Germantown, U.S.A.

Nureddin, *The New Nureddin*, *Therefore Not to Be Taken*, *Theatre*, Oxford, 1945, printed by J. Vincent, author.

Cambridge University Collection, 100 Brookline, Cambridge, Mass.

Francis T. Parker, 100 Brookline, Cambridge, Mass.

Woolson (1666-1763), *St. George at Danemora*, York, 1925, sales.

Department of English Literature, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, U.S.A.

Reverend William and Mary, young British poet, any information about author.

14 Gayfield Square, E.C.4

Anna Sewall; any papers, dates relating to her work for a biography.

Bow Cottage, West Hill, The Society of All True Faiths in Scotland, Edinburgh, 1792; any information.

11 Stanley Road, Hove, Stockport.

Allen Upward; whereabouts of his Chinese *Music*, *Carpet*, and of *Storer's Inclination*, his *Imagism*.

Chantry, Prose, *St. George at Danemora*, *Therefore Not to Be Taken*, *Theatre*, Oxford, 1945, printed by J. Vincent, author.

156 Claremont Road, Salford, M16 9QG.

Horsey Alfred Ford, 1822-80; whereabouts of any correspondence, especially relating to his connection with the Plymouth Brethren.

Aloin Holt, 3 The Crest, Palmers Green, London, N.13.

Gedde Family: whereabouts of the Mrs. Lynn Lytton papers formerly in the possession of Miss Ada Gedde.

E. J. Dillingwall, Pine Hill, Crowhurst, Battle, Sussex.

Major-General Charles George Gordon, 1833-85; whereabouts of any letters in private hands.

Mary H. Ruitt, Department of History, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007, U.S.A.

Bishop Healey Heaton; any letters and personal recollections, for a biography.

John S. Peart-Blinis, 19 Beaconsfield Road, Cluyton, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Ben Jordan; whereabouts of books once owned by him not listed by Hearn and Simpson or by Burr, *Book Collector*, 1964.

David McPherson, 47 Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge.

George Marsh the Mayor, 1515-55; any information about his children and grandchildren.

Coming through

BARKER: *Aviator Extraordinary*. 297pp. Chatto and Windus. £2 2s.

Mr. Barker, brilliant innovator in the side of the machine in two world wars, aviator extraordinary of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Wellington, John Murray; the value being further embellished by Caernarvon Castle. Mr. Bain, is the only one who shows evidence of Davies, in contrast to temporary book illustrations, "no steel, steel with the hurlin."

23 Old Buildings, London, W.C.2

George Ernest Monro, a correspondent in Syria (1895-1912) and Political Officer of the British Consulate in Beirut (1912-20); whereabouts of any photographs relevant to an edition of the R.A.F. had to take

27 Redington Road, London, N.W.2

Lord Nelson; whereabouts of any portrait suitable for reproduction.

Libby, Box 454, Germantown, U.S.A.

Nureddin, *The New Nureddin*, *Therefore Not to Be Taken*, *Theatre*, Oxford, 1945, printed by J. Vincent, author.

Cambridge University Collection, 100 Brookline, Cambridge, Mass.

Francis T. Parker, 100 Brookline, Cambridge, Mass.

Woolson (1666-1763), *St. George at Danemora*, York, 1925, sales.

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took in an air survey company and by using it, forced the Air Ministry to take it over. His methods were wholly unorthodox. He made his way to achievement by docking under the regulations, marching past the danger signals of authority, and trusting to his undoubted success to excuse his liberties. In less than a year, he was out and a career officer had taken his place. Turning back to the Navy, his first love, he found that a veto had been set on him, though he would have been employed as a civilian reconnaissance expert in the Far East if the aeroplane he wheeled out of Lord Beaverbrook had not been twice sabotaged and then crashed.

His next venture was the development in association with Wing Commander Helmore, another First World War veteran, of a system for sending a searchlight aeroplane in company with night fighters against enemy bombers. This involved his being given access to a station where airborne radar was in use and led to his being unjustly suspected of sending a party of United States cadets on a visit to the station. Fortunately he was able to prove his innocence. His last wartime gesture of independence was to organize the rescue by air of some French racehorses which had been taken to Germany, an adventure within sound of the gunfire towards the end of 1944.

After the war, he took charge of an ambitious project to fly arms from Pakistan to Hyderabad when that state was resisting Indian pressure; and again he had to sidestep regulations and secure freedom of action by outwitting both British administrators and Indian defence forces. This time, the power of political influence and the unwillingness of statesmen to run high risks prevented him from gaining full satisfaction. Next time he operated it was in Arabia and here again he met frustration. There are no signs that he was daunted. From his invention in 1916 of the Silent flying suit, a lion to all occupants of open cockpits, valuable ideas have bubbled out of him. He made no profit out of any of his wartime inventions, nor did he ask for any. He got no decoration. Many a bomber crew resolved to keep in touch after the war, but few succeeded. Miles Tripp's Lancaster crew of 1944 led by a forceful Australian officer was one such, yet twenty-three years after it broke up Mr. Tripp, its bomb-aimer, set himself the task of tracing the other six. Nostalgia may have had its place in this project, though the author pre-

fers to express it as an incurable interest in people. The object was to discover in tranquillity their reaction to the things they had to do and their effect on them—in other words, how much fear, the eighth passenger that travelled with them, had affected them.

Nervous and mental stress evidently took some toll: "For some of us it took two or three years to settle down mentally but it has taken our bodies much longer." Three had ulcers, another had stomach trouble, the captain is 60 per cent deaf and the bomb-aimer has spinal trouble. This was a crew that endured everything except being shot down together with the misfortune, when they were near the end of the prescribed operational tour early in 1945, of having their tour extended, first from thirty to thirty-five raids and then to the ultimate forty, so that despair of survival was added to the tensions of raids which were delayed, of crawling home badly damaged on three engines, of being diverted and waiting to land with engines red-hot and tanks nearly empty. No wonder that before they ended their operational duties they were living only for the present and were virtually at enmity with one another.

The tale of those operational flights "over the battle lines" is admirably told by Mr. Tripp in the first part of *The Eighth Passenger*. The full flavour of duty on a bomber squadron emerges from his account, and as it is added details about life on the station—the grief at having to give up a favourite Lancaster when it could no longer be patched up and the apprehension concerning the replacement; keeping cool for the hit stove under fire in one's heel against the risk of theft; looking up in such an extent that most could only be made with flying gloves on; tales of women at the gate of the disciplinary centre at Sheffield with bottles of beer in prison; resentment at the orations of a C.O. who had little experience of operational flying and who was promptly nicknamed the "Pissar" and the final indignity when the war ended of being demitted from N.C.O. to A.C.2 while awaiting release.

This is the best part of the book. The research conducted twenty-three years later reveals little that might not have been presumed. The old comrades were glad to see each other again and to discover in reminiscence how much they had forgotten. None was much impressed with the toll taken on their health. Indeed, the verdict of one of them was: "Those who came through were done more good than harm."

Hard going

TIM CAREW: *The Longest Retreat*. 276pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2 2s.

With the possible exception of Torunna, in which it bears little resemblance, the retreat out of Burma in early 1942 was the hardest in British military history. Now, nearly thirty years after the event, there remains no atom of doubt that the task given to Lieutenant-General D. K. McLeod and Brigadier Jackie Smyth, V.C., of denying the Tenasserim area of Burma was never remotely possible, even had their troops been other than scratch formations, including some almost worthless units, hastily thrown together. There were some good units too, British, Indian and Gurkha, who fought desperately though dispersed. By the time the Sittoung River was reached, all cohesion had been lost.

When to blow a bridge, a key bridge, has always been the nightmarish decision on any retreat; the precedents, good and bad, are a favourite pastime study. The premature blowing of the Sittoung Bridge on February 23, 1942 remains a classic of mis-timing. The most likely contributory factor—a confusion between the identity of two brigadiers both called Jones on a faulty telephone-line in the darkness of an anxious night—was advanced in the official history in 1958, and is generally accepted as having been confirmed by later evidence; but Mr. Carew makes no mention of the effect of this incident on Smyth's decision, although, as he says, it broke him professionally. It is pleasant to recall the distinction of Smyth's subsequent career in a different field, which

brought him, among other things, a baronetcy.

The history of the Burma retreat has several unusual features. In the first place, the last cohesion was restored when the object changed from the defence of Rangoon to the safe withdrawal of the Army. This was partly due to the introduction of new commanders, notably Alexander and Slim, whose resolution was reinforced by some generous strokes of luck, and a handful of new units, among whom the 7th Hussars under Yeungar were outstanding. Secondly, there were a few commanders who held their own in the first and worst days of the debacle: who slipped their kilt through the reek, as the Scots would say, learnt their bitter lessons, restored the morale of their troops, and led them back to the ultimate victory of Rangoon in 1945. The two prime examples were "Punch" Cawston, who was Chief of Staff to Smyth and afterwards commanded the 17th Indian Division with relish for three years, and "Joe" Lemaigre, who succeeded Wingate in command of the Chindits in 1944.

It is Mr. Carew's misfortune that the story has been written so often before. He writes more as a journalist than an historian, opening with a salvo of generalities, not all of them accurate, and continuing with a drizzle of clichés: "a veritable giant of a man"; "there are no bad men, only bad plotters". It is time that this last palpable pretence should be allowed to drop. But he tells his tale in his usual evasive manner, and it does not come altogether amiss.

Rankers

G. R. WATSON: *The Roman Soldier*. 256pp. Thames and Hudson. £2 10s.

Professor Scullard, the general editor of that excellent series "Aspects of Greek and Roman Life", shows great skill in choosing authors and subjects; and in this case he and Mr. Watson have had a bit of luck as well. Mr. Watson says in his preface, with evident trepidation, that while he was writing it, Dr. Graham Webster's *The Roman Imperial Army* was announced. The two books might have clashed; in fact they are exactly complementary, and the student and the general reader—a third kind of middle-distance deep-focus layer of intellectual life at which so many books are aimed nowadays, to its great advantage—have available in the pair of them a remarkably good general picture of the Roman army. Dr. Webster is concerned with the Q side of military life—weapons, camps and barracks above all; Mr. Watson with the A side and with training.

Mr. Watson's concern is with the other ranks; he deals only minimally with the officers who entered the army in the higher ranks. He follows the career of the ordinary soldier, with his chances of promotion up to centurion, from the beginning, when he got a letter of recommendation (some fortunately have survived) and was recruited, through his training, dealt with in some detail, drawn largely from Vegetius, down to the end of his ultimate discharge. There is nothing about fighting; a fair amount about his peacetime occupations. It is curious, considering how central the army was to Roman life, how many questions remain in doubt. Why has largely to be guessed at, which is the less important as a good deal is known about the latter.

The gradual relaxation of the ban on marriage remains rather obscure in detail. Perhaps the oddest thing is that the weight of equipment and rations which the soldier carried, though very large, remains extremely doubtful; and even Mr. Watson does not explain why mules or slaves were

not used a great deal more to spare the man. All these questions and many more are dealt with clearly, with considerable detail and plentiful references to sources. Texts are translated, but the original of Latin texts (not Greek) is given in the notes, which with appendices make up two fifths of the volume. It is a highly readable and informative book, fully up to the standard of the series.

Survivor

JOYCE LUSSU: *Freedom Has No Frontier*. Translated by William Clowes. 158pp. Michael Joseph. 35s.

Readers will be glad that this book has now appeared in fluent English. It is at once an adventure story and a classic of the Italian resistance to Nazi domination of the Continent. Joyce Lussu, who is half English and half Italian, joined up with Emilio Lussu, the well-known Sardinian anti-Fascist leader in exile, when she was little more than a student. Her activities during the war involved her in constant danger. Either with Lussu or alone she crossed frontiers after frontiers with documents she herself had forged. She was in England; Spain, Portugal, occupied France, Switzerland; and Italy. One of the most moving passages of her book is where she describes how she smuggled the elderly Jewish politician of pre-Fascist days, Emanuele Modigliani, across France into Switzerland.

The Lussus were in constant touch with other members of the Italian Resistance, including Signor Saragat, the present President of the Italian Republic. But Joyce Lussu would almost everyone in courage and confidence and was helped by her knowledge of languages. Among her breathtaking adventures was crossing the German-Allied line twice in the height of battle of messenger of the Italian Committee of National Liberation. There were others like Joyce Lussu, but few have survived to tell the tale.

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